

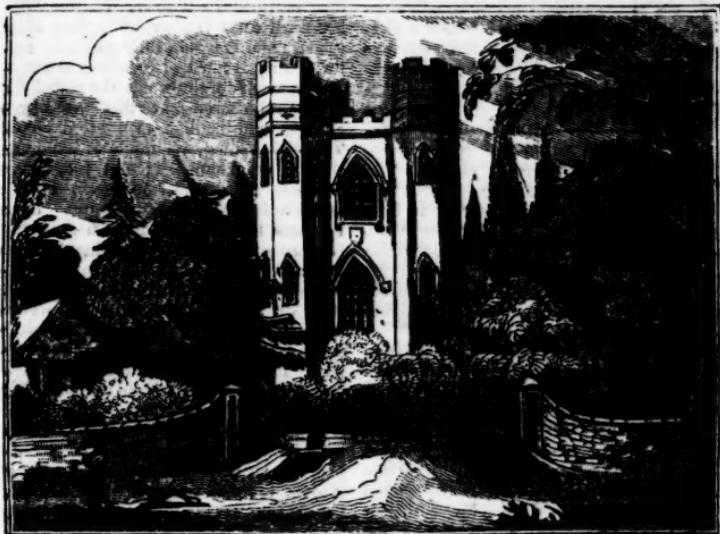
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Seven Droog Castle, Shooter's Hill.



SEVEN DROOG CASTLE, of which the above engraving presents a fine view, is situated on the brow of Shooter's Hill, Blackheath, in the county of Kent. For this view we are indebted to a drawing forwarded by a correspondent, as well as for the following account of this interesting building:—

Seven Droog Castle consists of three floors, in the lower rooms are several Indian weapons, armour, &c. brought from Seven Droog, in 1755, by Commodore James, as trophies of his victory.—The different stories are neatly fitted up, and on the ceiling of the first, in six compartments, are several views of the fleet and fortress on the day of the assault. The summit is embattled with turrets at the angles. From the windows and roof, the visitor is gratified with extensive and beautiful views of a great part of Kent, Surrey, and Essex, with the Metropolis and river Thames. This tower was erected by Lady James, wife of Sir William James, who resided at Park-place Farm, Eltham. Their daughter married the

late Thomas Boothby Parkyns, first Lord Rancliffe, whose son (George Augustus Henry Anne Parkyns, Lord Rancliffe) is now owner of this building, and its surrounding grounds.* Over the entrance there is a broad tablet of stone, upon which is cut the following inscription:—

This Building
was erected MDCCCLXXXIV., by the
Representative of the late
Sir WILLIAM JAMES, Bart.,
To commemorate that gallant Officer's
Achievement in the East Indies,
During his Command of the Company's
Marine Forces in those Seas:
And in a particular manner to record the

Conquest of

THE CASTLE OF SEVEN DROOG,
on the Coast of Malabar,
Which fell to his superior valour and
able conduct,
On the 2nd day of April, MDCCCLV.

As an account of the reason why this

* This name was taken by all his successors.

castle was erected might not be unacceptable to the readers of the **MIRROR**, I have taken extracts from "Orme's Hindostan," and other valuable works on India, for their information.

Conagee Angria, a notorious free-booter, belonging to the Marattoe pirates, declared war by sea and land against the Grand Mogul (because he employed an admiral to protect his Mahometan subjects against their depredations); and by means of his prowess raised himself from a private man to be, not only commander-in-chief of the Marattoe fleet, but was entrusted with the government of Seven Droog, one of the strongest holds belonging to the Saha Rajah, or king of the Marattoes. Having seduced several of his fellow-subjects, he set up a government against his sovereign, along the sea-coast, to the extent of one hundred and twenty miles, and an inland country from twenty to thirty miles towards the mountains. Their repeated successes, together with their fortifications, induced the rajah to let them have peaceable possession, upon their acknowledging his sovereignty and paying a small tribute.

In process of time, Angria's successes made him insolent: he threw off his allegiance, and slit the noses of the ambassadors who came to demand the tribute;—he indiscriminately exercised his piracies upon ships of all nations, and rendered his fleet so formidable, that the East India Company was at the annual expense of 50,000/ to keep up a sufficient maritime force as a check upon Angria, and a protection to their ships and colonies. Rajah, justly exasperated at the behaviour shown to his ambassadors, made proposals to the British to attack this common enemy with their united forces; consequently, Commodore James, at that time commander-in-chief of the Company's marine forces, sailed on March the 22nd, 1755, in the Protector, of forty-four guns, with a ketch of sixteen guns, and two bomb vessels. The exaggerated accounts of Angria's strong holds were such, that the Presidency instructed Commodore James not to expose the Company's vessels to any risk by attacking them, but only to blockade, whilst the Marattoe army carried on their operations by land. Three days after, the Marattoe fleet came out of Choul, consisting of seven galleys and sixty galiots, having on board ten thousand land-forces. The united fleets anchored in Comara Bay, in order that the Marattoes might victual on shore, as they are prohibited by their religion either to eat or work at sea. Departing from thence, they anchored again about fifteen miles to the north of Seven

Droog, when Rama-gee Punt, with the troops, disembarked. Commodore James receiving intelligence that the enemy's fleet were at anchor in Seven Droog harbour, was desirous to blockade them immediately; but the admiral of the Marattoe fleet, although highly approving of the attempt, had not sufficient authority over his officers to make any of them stir till the morning, when the enemy discovering them, immediately slipped their cables and put to sea, flinging overboard all their lumber, to lighten their vessels, and hanging their garments and turbans up to catch every breath of air.—The commodore threw out the signal for a general chase, but this was disregarded, and he had to proceed alone. Towards evening, he came within gunshot of the sternmost; but judging it prudent, he returned to Seven Droog, which he had passed several miles. Here he found Rama-gee Punt, with the army (as they said), besieging the three forts on the main land, with one gun, a four-pounder, at two miles distance; and even then did not think themselves secure without digging pits, in which they were covered up to the chin, from the enemy's fire. The commodore judging that these operations would never take the forts, was determined to exceed his instructions, rather than subject the British arms to the disgrace they would suffer, if the expedition, in which they were believed by Angria to have taken so great a share, should miscarry.

The next day, April 2nd, he cannibalized and bombarded the fort of Seven Droog; but finding the walls on the western side were mostly cut out of the solid rock, he changed his station to the north-east, between the island and main; where, whilst his broadsides plied the north-east bastions, the other fired on Fort Goa, the largest upon the main land. The bastions of Seven Droog being so high, the Protector could only point her upper tier at them; but being only one hundred yards distant, the musketry in the round tops drove the enemy from their guns. At noon the north-east bastion was in ruins, when a shell from the bomb-vessels set fire to a thatched house, which communicated to every building in the fort, and amongst them a magazine of powder blew up. On this disaster occurring, nearly one thousand persons ran out of the fort, and attempted to make their escape to fort Goa, in seven or eight boats, but were all taken prisoners by the British ketches. This fort suffered a severe cannonading until the enemy hung out a flag of truce; but while the Marattoes were marching to

take possession of it, the governor perceiving that Seven Droog had not been given up, got into a boat with some of his most trusty men, hoping to maintain it until he received assistance from Dabul, which is in sight of it. On this the Protector opened a more severe firing upon Seven Droog, and the commodore landed half his seamen under cover of the ship's fire, who ran up to the gate, and cutting down the sally-port with their axes, forced their way into it: on which the garrison surrendered, and the other forts having hung out flags of truce, were taken possession of by the Marattoes."

This was the work of one day; twenty years after it was completely annihilated, by the intrepidity of British valour.

Depford.

J. W. ADAMS.

The Novelist.

No. LXXIV.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

In our last Number we gave the first of the Tales in the new work by the author of "Waverley," with some interesting anecdotes of Richard I. and the Crusades. In the tale of THE BETROTHED, however, the Crusades are little more than alluded to; but in the second and last tale, THE TALISMAN, they form the basis and supply nearly all the incidents. The author is quite an enthusiast on this subject, and he proves, as far as description goes, that the age of chivalry is not gone. It is a splendid work, which alone would have immortalized the author, had not his fame been already established. We will not, however, detain our readers further, but present them with a faithful digest of

THE TALISMAN.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant Northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan form themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of water.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the dire and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The tall, the thrist, the dangers of the

way were forgotten as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature appeared to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. This was Sir Kenneth, of the Sleeping Leopard, a Scottish knight, who had left his country for the Crusades. He wore a coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate; his lower limbs were also sheathed like his body in flexible mail. His surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced; these seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. All the followers of Sir Kenneth had disappeared, and even his only remaining 'squire was on a sick bed, and unable to attend his master; but this was of little consequence to a Crusader who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion. Nature, however, had her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the knight of the Sleeping Leopard, and he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees which arose beside the well, which was assigned for his mid-day station. His good horse, too, lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which were to be the place of repose and refreshment.

As the knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving amongst them and beside them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horzeman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant borb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as an avowed champion

of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand ; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion ; and, on the contrary, made a dead-halt, confident that if his enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Moor renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the for-

midable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head ; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which he had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force ; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he struck with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach ! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce : he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders ; "wherefore should

there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battele by thy approach."

The knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

The combatants having made ample proof of each other's valour, became friends, and proceeded together to a spring called the Diamond of the Desert. It was a fountain which some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled over to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth, or choked by the flitting clouds of dust, with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. The arch was now broken and partly ruinous, but it still so far projected over and covered in the fountain, that it excluded the sun in a great measure from its waters, which, hardly touched by a straggling beam, while all around was blazing, lay in a steady repose, alike delightful to the eye and the imagination. Stealing from under the arch, they were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering to the eye, by shewing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs, that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and, doubtless, found their way in safety to a more fertile country.

In this delightful spot the two warriors

halted, and each, after his own fashion, proceeded to relieve his horse from saddle, bit, and rein, and permitted the animals to drink at the basin, ere they refreshed themselves from the fountain head, which arose under the vault.

Christian and Saracen next sat down together on the turf, and produced each the small allowance of store which they carried for their own refreshment.

The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of form, with brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the mustachios which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His age could not exceed thirty, but if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in latter life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well-shaped and brawny. A military hardihood, and careless frankness of expression, characterized his language and his countenance.

The Saracen Emir formed a marked and striking contrast with the western crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs, and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person, and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short,

stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was flung unbuckled on the same sod. The Emir was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of this forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature, or at least what seemed such in an European estimate of beauty.

The provision which each had made for his refreshment was simple, but the meal of the Saracen was abstemious; a handful of dates, a morsel of coarse barley bread, and a few draughts from the lovely fountain, constituted his meal. That of the Christian, though coarse, was more genial; it consisted of dried hog's-flesh, and his drink derived from a leatheren bottle, was something better than the pure element.

The knight made known to the Saracen that he was on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and had a passport from Saladin, the renowned Soldan of Egypt and Syria. He also stated that he was to pass that night in prayer and penitence with a holy man, Theodoric, of Engaddi, who dwelt among these wilds. "I will see you safe thither," said the Saracen. Confidence became inspired between them, and they demanded each other's name, which was given. That of the Saracen was Sheerkof, the lion of the mountain.

As they journeyed forth the Saracen sung lays in praise of wine, which were unsuited to the grave thoughts of the knight. He afterwards chose a more serious subject, and proceeded to chant the following verses very ancient in the language and structure, which some have thought derive their source from the worshippers of Arimanes, the evil principle.

* AHRIMAN.

- * Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky
An empire matching thine!
- * If the benigner power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink!
- * Or if he bid the soil dispense
Balms to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver

From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red fever, spotted pestilence,

The arrows of thy quiver!

* Chief in man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
What'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

* Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey?

* Or art thou mix'd in nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
And, oh! victorious still?

* How'er it be, dispute is vain
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.

* Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet knives
To tools of death and war.

* Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rulest the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—in thy power,
Dark spirit! ended THEN? *

These verses, Sir Kenneth, of the Conchant Leopard, considered as an address to the archfiend, and was hesitating whether he should quit the Saracen, or dare him to combat, when his attention was arrested by a figure of great height and very thin, which appeared to watch all their movements. Just as the Saracen

* The worthy and learned clergyman by whom this species of hymn has been translated, desires, that, for fear of misconception, we should warn the reader to recollect, that it is composed by a heathen, to whom the real causes of moral and physical evil are unknown, and who views their predominance in the system of the universe, as all must view that appalling fact, who have not the benefit of the Christian revelation. On our own part, we beg to add, that we understand the style of the translator is more paraphrastic than can be approved by those who are acquainted with the singularly curious original. The translator seems to have despaired of rendering into English verse the flights of oriental poetry; and, possibly like many learned and ingenious men, finding it impossible to find out the sense of the original, he may have tacitly substituted his own.*

had finished his song, the figure sprung into the midst of the path and seized a reign of the Saracen's bridle in each hand; the horse and his rider were thrown down, and the strange figure seized the Saracen by the throat. Sir Kenneth interfered, though not by his weapons, and the Saracen was permitted to rise. The mysterious being seemed a wild Hamako, or holy madman; he was shocked at the profane singing of Persian poetry by the Saracen, who recognised him, and told Sir Kenneth that he was the anchorite he wished to visit. Sir Kenneth doubted and inquired of the Hamako, who replied, "I am Theodoric, of Engaddi. I am the walker of the desert, I am friend of the cross, and flail of all infidels, heretics, and devil worshippers. Avoid ye, avoid ye! Down with Mahomed, Termagacent, and all their adherents!" So saying, he pulled from under his shaggy garment a sort of flail, or jointed club, bound with iron, which he brandished round his head with singular dexterity.

The warriors now retired to the cavern of Theodoric, whose wild passion had subsided. In the dead of night Sir Kenneth was awakened by Theodoric, and conducted to a chapel, where, before the cross they prayed together for some time; and the man of loneliness and sorrows intimated, in mysterious whispers to the knight, that he is about to gaze on some extraordinary spectacle, which he, the anchorite, was unworthy to look upon; and it was with a bandage over his own eyes, therefore, that he conducted the wondering Sir Kenneth to an iron door, where he sorrowfully paused, desiring his guest to proceed. The valiant Scot then entered a small but beautiful chapel, hewn out of the solid rock, and lighted with a silver lamp. Here he heard sacred strains of the most exquisite beauty, and reverently approaching a magnificent shrine, its self-moved doors flew open, and discovered a fragment of the true cross magnificently encased.

The fervour of his devotions were aided by many religious associations, and by the unseen choristers who were chanting around him the services of his church. Presently a train of noble damsels appeared, and in one of them Sir Kenneth recognised the lady of his love, the beautiful Edith Plantagenet, a niece of Cœur de Lion's, who is on a pilgrimage there with the queen and other ladies, to pray for the restoration of the king to health, and whose charms had excited in Sir Kenneth's bosom a passion which her lofty rank rendered hopeless. She managed, however, as this procession of the sisters of Mount Carmel passed round the chapel,

to give him an indication of her favour, by dropping from her floral wreath two rose-buds at his feet successively. After some other adventures in this chapel, the hermit rejoins him, the iron door is closed, and they find Ilderim still wrapped in the slumbers which his fatigues had rendered so necessary. To complete the conference with which the counsel of the Christian princes commanding the crusade had entrusted him, Sir Kenneth remained two days longer at Engaddi, and then proceeded to the camp of King Richard, which was stationed between Jean d'Acre and Ascalon. The king, naturally rash and impetuous, became more irritable from a fever, aggravated as it was by the burning climate, the feuds of his allies, and the desertions, diseases and deaths which were every day diminishing the numbers of the Europeans.

The physicians and attendants feared to assume the necessary authority, and one faithful baron alone dared to come between the dragon and his wrath; this was Sir Thomas, the lord of Gilsland, and called by the Normans lord de Vaux. It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in mind as his illness made it irksome to his body. His bright-blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendour, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glanced from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair, as fitfully and as vividly, as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder-storm, which still, however, are gilded by its beams. His manly features showed the progress of wasting illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin. Flinging himself from side to side, now clutching towards him the coverings, which at the next moment he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures shewed at once the energy and the reckless impatience of a disposition, whose natural sphere was that of the most active exertion.

Beside his couch stood Thomas de Vaux, in face, attitude, and manner, the strongest possible contrast to the suffering monarch. His stature approached the gigantic, and his hair in thickness might have resembled that of Sampson, though only after the Israelitish champion's locks had passed under the shears of the Philistines, for those of De Vaux were cut short, that they might be enclosed under his helmet. The light of his broad, large hazel eye, resembled that

of the autumn moon, and it was only perturbed for a moment, when from time to time it was attracted by Richard's vehement marks of agitation and restlessness. His features, though massive like his person, might have been handsome before they were defaced with scars; his upper lip, after the fashion of the Normans, was covered with thick mustachoes, which grew so long and luxuriantly as to mingle with his hair, and like his hair, were dark brown, slightly brindled with grey. His frame seemed of that kind which most readily defies toil and climate, for he was thin-flanked, broad-chested, long-armed, deep-breathed, and strong-limbed. He had not laid aside his buff-coat, which displayed the cross cut on the shoulder, for more than three nights, enjoying but such momentary repose as the warden of a sick monarch's couch might by snatches indulge. He rarely changed his posture, except to administer to Richard the medicine or refreshments, which none of his less favoured attendants could persuade the impatient monarch to take; and there was something affecting in the kindly, yet awkward manner, in which he discharged offices so strangely contrasted with his blunt and soldierly habits and manners.

Disunion had crept into the Christian host, and the bravest of the Plantagenets was himself, as well as his court, almost in despair, when Sir Kenneth returned to the camp bringing with him El Hakim, a celebrated Moorish physician, sent by the magnanimous and heroic Saladin for the express purpose of re-establishing, if possible, the health of the great king of England—the most formidable and the most illustrious of his foes. The Moorish physician sat cross-legged, after the Eastern fashion. The imperfect light showed little of him, save that the lower part of his face was covered with a long black beard, which descended over his breast—that he wore a high *tolpach*, a Tartar cap of the lamb's wool manufactured at Astracan, bearing the same dusky colour, and that his ample caftan, or Turkish robe, was also of a dark hue. Two piercing eyes, which gleamed with unusual lustre, were the only lineaments of his visage that could be discerned amid the darkness in which he was enveloped.

De Vaux, besides having all the animosity of a stout Cumberland man, was incredulous and diffident upon the subject of admitting El Hakim to the king's presence; and Sir Kenneth, whose straitened means, and wasted retinue, and decent pride, long contended with a sense

of affectionate duty to his sovereign, against the reluctance which he felt to introduce a proud and opulent English baron within his humbler quarters; at length shows him in his own tent his 'squire who had become wasted, with a similar fever, to a miserable skeleton. The physician met with a cool reception from the king, who took a scroll, in which were inscribed these words: "The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mahomed," out upon the hound! said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjection, "Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and of Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melich Ric, Richard of England, greeting. Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish mediciners, as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet," confusion on his head! again muttered the English monarch, "we have therefore sent to tend and wait upon thee at this time, the physician to our own person, Adonebec el Hakim, before whose face the angel Azrael spreads his wings, and departs from the sick chamber; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon, and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do, praying you heartily to honour and make use of his skill; and that, not only that we may do service to thy worth and valour, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us to an end, either by honourable agreement, or by open trial thereof with our weapons, in a fair field. Seeing that it neither becomes thy place and courage, to die the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his task-master, nor befit it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapon by such a disease. And therefore, may the holy——"

"Hold, hold," said Richard, "I will have no more of his dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan should believe in a dead dog. Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim; I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity; I will meet him in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe—I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured: he shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him bap-

tized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both. Haste, De Multon, why doest thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the Hakim hither."

The physician was, at this time, employed in practising his art on Sir Kenneth's 'squire. When he was invited to this first test of his abilities he arose from the earth, on which he had prostrated himself, and walking into the hut where the patient lay extended, he drew a sponge from a small silver box, dipt, perhaps, in some aromatic distillation; for when he put it to the sleeper's nose, he sneezed, awoke, and looked wildly around. He was a ghastly spectacle, as he sat up almost naked on his couch, the bones and cartilages as visible through the surface of his skin, as if they had never been clothed with flesh; his face was long, and furrowed with wrinkles; but his eye, though it wandered at first, became gradually more settled. He seemed to be aware of the presence of his dignified visitors, for he attempted feebly to pull the covering from his head, in token of reverence, as he inquired, in a subdued and submissive voice, for his master.

"Your eyes witness," said the Arabian to the archbishop of Tyre, who was present, "the fever hath been subdued; he speaks with calmness and recollection; his pulse beats composedly as yours; try its pulsations yourself."

The prelate declined the experiment; but Thomas of Gilsland, more determined on making the experiment, did so, and satisfied himself that the fever was indeed gone.

"This is most wonderful," said the knight, looking to the bishop; "the man is assuredly cured. I must conduct this mediciner presently to king Richard's tent; what thinks your reverence?"

"Stay, let me finish one cure ere I commence another," said the Arab; "I will pass with you when I have given my patient the second cup of this most holy elixir."

So saying he pulled out a silver cup, and filling it with water from a gourd which stood by the bedside, he next drew forth a small silken bag made of network, twisted with silver, the contents of which the by-standers could not discover, and immersing it in the cup, continued to watch it in silence during the space of five minutes. It seemed to the spectators as if some effervescence took place during the operation, but if so it instantly subsided.

"Drink," said the physician to the

sick man—"sleep, and awaken free from malady."

"And with this simple-seeming draught, thou wilt undertake to cure a monarch?" said the bishop of Tyre.

"I have cured a beggar, as you may behold," replied the sage. "Are the kings of Frangistan made of other clay?"

"Let us have him presently to the king," said the baron of Gilsland. "He hath shown that he possesses the secret which may restore his health. If he fails to exercise it, I will put himself past the power of medicine."

The king at length consented that El Hakim should try his skill, and he was introduced, accompanied by Amaury the grand master of the Templars, Conrade Marquess of Montserrat, and other warriors.

Richard, when they entered his apartment, immediately exclaimed, "So ho! a goodly fellowship come to see Richard take his leap in the dark. My noble allies, I greet you as the representatives of our assembled league; Richard will again be amongst you in his former fashion, or ye shall bear to the grave what is left of him. De Vaux, lives he or dies he, thou hast the thanks of thy prince. There is yet another—but this fever hath wasted mine eye-sight—what, the bold Scot, who would climb Heaven without a ladder? he is welcome too. Come, Sir Hakim, to the work, to the work."

The physician, who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the king's illness, now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent, and in breathless expectation. The sage next filled a cup with spring water, and dipt into it the small red purse, which, as formerly, he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevented him by saying, "Hold an instant. Thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine. I too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art."

The Arabian yielded his hand without hesitation, and his long, slender, dark fingers were, for an instant, enclosed and almost buried in the large enfoldment of King Richard's hand.

"His blood beats calm as an infant's," said the king; "so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim with honour and safety—Command us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith—should I live, it will be to thank him as a warrior should be thanked."

He then raised himself in bed, and took the cup in his hand, and turning to the marquess and the grand master,—“Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me in Cyprus wine: To the immortal honour of the first crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whomsoever shall turn back from the plough on which he hath laid his hand!”

He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sunk back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared accordingly.

The cure of the king was almost miraculous, when the dissensions of the assembled crusaders arrested his attention. The grand master and the Marquess of Montserrat mutually confided to each other their views in hostility to the success of the crusade—their discontents—and the yearnings of their ambition; and they parted, Comrade with the conviction, that “a ducal crown, or a kingly diadem,” for which he thirsted, might be most safely and surely won by sowing dissensions between Austria and England, and the other powers: Giles Amauray, with the bold, broad suggestion, that nothing but the assassination of Richard Cœur-de-lion could really effect the views of either. Comrade, at a banquet given by the Archduke Leopold of Austria, artfully inflamed that dull but haughty German’s animosity, on account of the banner-royal of England being displayed, far above the banners of all the other crusaders, on the summit of a lofty mound. Irritated by a hundred unavenged insults, which he conceived Richard to have put upon him, artfully aggravated by his wily guest, Comrade, and in the madness of drunken enterprise and valorous jollity, Leopold rushed from his camp, with his own banner in his hand, and a fixed determination to pluck down the standard of Richard, and raise his own in its place. At this juncture, Richard had just happily overpassed the crisis of his disorder; he was still occupied in pouring out his heartfelt acknowledgments to El Hakim, and ordering him munificent rewards, which El Hakim absolutely and inflexibly declined, when the shouts and uproar of the Austrian rabble reached his ears. El Hakim insisted on his keeping his couch for another day; but Comrade, entering the tent, announced the fact that

Austria was pulling down his banner. The sudden rage of the king was tremendous: he leaped from his bed, seized his sword, shuffled on his mantle, and, followed only by De Vaux, and one or two household servants, rushed forth; he reached Saint George’s Mount, and bursting through the disorderly crowd, to the place where stood Leopold and his friends, he demanded who had ventured upon such a presumption as to remove his standard? The archduke replied, “It was I, Leopold of Austria,” and Richard tore down before his face the Austrian banner, and disdainfully trampling it under foot, he was attacked by the gigantic Hungarian Count Wallenrode. The vow of Richard preventing him from striking any one whose shoulders bore the cross, he seized the Hungarian in his arms, and dashed him headlong down the steep sides of the mount. The Austrians were clamorous for vengeance; and the increasing tumult called the whole camp to the spot, where Philip, with some difficulty, succeeded in at length appeasing the disorder; and Richard retiring, full of indignation, bequeathed to Sir Kenneth the guard of this sacred standard, for which Sir Kenneth professed to answer, even with his head; but at midnight he was summoned by a little dwarf, whom he had seen in his adventure at Engaddi, to attend for a few minutes in the queen’s tent, by command of the lady Edith. The knight doubted the truth of his mission; but the dwarf showed him the ruby ring which he had seen on the fair finger of Edith, in the rocky chapel. Sir Kenneth, distracted between the dictates of honour and the intensity of his love,—the commands of his royal leader and the commands of his mistress, reluctantly consented at last,—on seeing that the queen’s tent was but little removed from the base of the mount—to repair thither. And by the side of the banner he left, as his substitute, his faithful stag greyhound, considering, that if any attempt should be made upon the frontier in his absence, the barking of the hound would announce it to his ear, and he should be able to return in time. Arrived at the queen’s tent, he had the mortification of discovering, that he had been withdrawn from his post and his duty merely to gratify the desire of Berengaria of Sicily, (Richard’s queen,) to ascertain whether the ring of the lady Edith, which had been taken from her without her knowledge for this purpose, would tempt him to such an excessive proof of his attachment. On his return, musing on the almost confessions of partial attachment which he had heard the queen impute to Edith; and

Edith, in effect, protest for him,—he was aroused from his abstraction by the groans of his dog. He ran onward and found that the standard had vanished, the spear to which it was attached broken on the ground, and his gallant hound apparently in the agonies of death. The distracted knight vainly sought in every direction the lost standard, and was still giving vent to the execrations of despair, when he discovered El Hakim at his side. The Arab tried fruitlessly, to console him ;—he received his proffered consolation with scorn, and even contumely : but the knight, hearing him say that the dog might not be past cure, presented it to him, and the Arab's servants removed it. The knight took the desperate resolution of presenting himself before Richard, and acknowledging his offence, to declare himself ready to undergo death. This interview was terrible :—after several terrors determining to immolate him on the spot, the amazed and fiery Richard, scarcely crediting Kenneth's own acknowledgments, gave orders for his execution. When he had been led to his prison, and was with his confessor, Be-rengaria, accompanied by Edith and their ladies, presented themselves before the lion-hearted, and with many entreaties supplicated for the knight's life. Richard solemnly protested that he should die ; Edith then remonstrated with him,—fearlessly, undauntedly, despite of the frowns and anger of the most impetuous monarch in the world. She made an ingenuous confession of the queen's folly, but proudly exempted herself from all imputation ; and finding appeals to Richard's justice or mercy to be equally fruitless, she left him in despair. The hermit of Engaddi then presented himself before the king with a similar purpose, and similar bad success. But El Hakim, the noble and learned, who had refused all the treasures in the camp for his services, extorted from Richard's gratitude that which he had denied to all other considerations, and even to his affection for his queen. He remitted Sir Kenneth to El Hakim ; and the Arab and his bondsman set out on their journey to the camp of the soldan Saladin. The archbishop of Tyre pathetically representing the evil consequences of the dissensions in the Christian counsels, prevailed on Richard to enter the council of princes once more, and there the brave and generous soldier, with a manly candour and ingenuous frankness equal to his almost superhuman daring, condescended to express his regret to every one whom his momentary passion might have given umbrage to.

The Templar and Conrade, whose envy against Richard, and ambition, make

them fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, conspire against the life of Richard ; an agent of Conrade is foiled in an attempt to assassinate his Majesty ; and while the powers of the various princes are passing in array before the king, the dog of Kenneth, who had returned to the king's camp as a dumb Nubian slave, leaped upon Conrade's noble charger, and seizing the Marquis by the throat, pulled him from the saddle. “ The hound hath pulled down the right quarry, I warrant him,” said the king, who impeached Conrade of high-treason, and threw down his glove, appealing him to the proof by combat. A council was summoned, wherein the king of England reiterated his charges, and a gage was thrown down, and accepted for decision of the matter in the usual form, between Conrade and a champion for the king of England, who, all eager for the personal combat, was yet withheld and restrained by the king of France, on account of the vast superiority of his rank. Difficulties arising about neutral ground, it was determined to apply to Saladin, for his permission to erect the lists within his camp ; and the Nubian was despatched with the application. Before his departure he saw Edith, who, imputing his silence to resentment, for she had recognised him, left him in high displeasure. Great preparations are made at the Diamond of the Desert (the lone fountain where Ilderim and Kenneth had fought), by Saladin, for the combat.

Richard and his suite proceeded to the appointed place, where arriving, he assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the centre of his body-guard, surrounded by his domestic officers, and those hideous negroes who guard the eastern haram, and whose misshapen forms were rendered yet more frightful by the richness of their attire, came the soldan, with the look and manners of one on whose brow nature had written, “ This is a king ! ” In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide eastern trousers, wearing a saah of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the most plain-dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem, which was called by the poets, the *Sea of Light* ; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown, and a sapphire, which terminated the hilt of his canjar, was of not much inferior value. It should be added, that to protect him from the dust, which, in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, resembles the

finest ashes, or, perhaps, out of Oriental pride, the soldan wore a sort of veil attached to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of his noble burthen.

There was no need of farther introduction. The two heroic mogarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting, and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and military display attracted no farther notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the soldan fixed upon him; and the soldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Mele Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome, are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present, would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed?"

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but, though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre; even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found. A most flourishing house of peers, I confess, and would find Westminster-hall something too narrow for them."

The combat took place and the champion of Richard, Sir Kenneth, overcame Conrade, who when defeated confessed his guilt. The various disguises of Kenneth now terminated, and he proved to be David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland.

A superb banquet was given by Saladin in honour of his visit from the king of England and the other princes; at this banquet Saladin was called aside, and by a dwarf, told that Conrade had been assassinated by the grand master of the Templars, who fearing his own treason might be discovered, slew Conrade, saying at the time *Accipe hoc*. Saladin returned to the company with an unruffled countenance, and joined in all the commendations which had been showered upon Sir Kenneth, when, upon the grand master's preparing to drink of some iced sherbet which had been handed to him from the Archduke of Austria, the dwarf once more rushed forward, harshly exclaiming, *Accipe hoc*—the grand master's visage changed, and in a moment the sabre of Saladin sent his head, severed from its trunk, rolling on the floor. The Christians suspected foul play; but Saladin then brought forward the fatal proof that the grand master had assassinated the unhappy Conrade, while offering the sacrament with the usual formula, *Accipe hoc*. The dwarf, who had gone to the tent with a purpose to pilfer, had concealed himself, and thus witnessed the transaction; and Saladin, acting on the law of eastern hospitality, which would have precluded him from allowing harm to come to any one who had, however slightly, tasted of his hospitality, would have been obliged to protect the grand master, and therefore struck off his head *à la Turque*, before he had put his lips to the sherbet.

The story now draws to a close; and the various masques fall off, when we find that the good physician, El Hakim, Ildrim the valiant Saracen emir, and the mighty Saladin, emperor of the East, are one and the same. Edith Plantagenet is now united to Sir Kenneth, or the Earl of Huntingdon, as we ought to call him, and Saladin sends as a nuptial present the celebrated talisman, which is still in existence, having been bequeathed by the Earl of Huntingdon to a brave knight of Scotland, Sir Mungo of the Lee, in whose ancient and honourable family it is still preserved, and though charmed stones have been dismissed from the modern *Pharmacopeia*, its virtues are still applied to for stopping blood, and in cases of canine madness.

THE two following poems are inserted in the "Talisman," but as they have no connexion with the story, we separate them:—

"THE BLOODY VEST."

"TWAS near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,

And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

* Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little, save iron and steel, was there:
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's
care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did re-
pair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

* Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,
She is Benevent's princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men
may see
His ambition is back'd by his chivalrie.

* Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair page
he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head,
* Fling aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament
dread,
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is
shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the
dead."

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his
breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently
hath kiss'd:—
* Now blessed be the moment, the messenger
be blest!
Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high
bhest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed
dress'd,
To the firmest-armed champion I will not vail
my crest,
But, if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn
to take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyte of the
Lay of the Bloody Vest.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour and losing of
seats—
There was hewing with falchions and splintering
of stakes,
The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won
graves.
O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,

And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and
breast
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bound for
her rest.
There were some dealt him wounds that were
bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight and forbore.
"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and
I trow,
'Twere unknighthly to slay him achieving his
vow."
Then the prince for his sake, bade the tourna-
ment cease,
He flung down his warden, the trumpets sung
peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the knight of the Night-gear was first in
the field.
The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was
higher,
When before the fair princess low louted a
squire,
And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and
pierce'd through;
All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with
mud:
Not a point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and
clean.

This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the
fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his
suit;
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be
shown:
For she who prompts knights on such danger
to run
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

* I restore," says my master, "the garment
I've won,
And I claim of the princess to don it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it
the more,
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crim-
son'd with gore."
Then deep blush'd the princess—yet kiss'd she
and press'd
The blood-spotted robe to her lips and her
breast.
* Go, tell my true knight, church and chamber
shall show.
If I value the blood on this garment or no."
And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk'd the princess in purple and pall,
But the blood besmeard night-robe she wore
over all,
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dins,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the
wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she
wore
That wimplo unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink :
And the prince, who in anger and shame had
look'd down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke
with a frown :
" Now, since thou hast publish'd thy folly and
guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou
hast spilt ;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will re-
pent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Bene-
vent."

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he
stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood :
" The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine ;
And, if for my sake she brooks penance and
blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering
and shame ;
And light will shereck of thy princedom and
vent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess
of Kent."

EDITH'S SONG.

- " The tears I shed must ever fail !
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
- " I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved their steps must tread,
When death shall join to part no more."
- " But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name."

THE ORIGIN OF THE STORY
OF THE TALISMAN.

THE origin of the *Talisman*, which gives the name and forms so striking an incident in the preceding tale, is taken from the *Lee-penny*, so celebrated in the song, the acts of parliament, and even the acts of the general assembly of the kirk of Scotland. The tradition, however, has been not a little altered. If you turn up the statistical account of Lanark, or any similar work, you will be informed that the knight of Lee was one of those who accompanied the earl of Douglas, "good sir James," when he left Scotland, in order to deposit Robert the Bruce's head in the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. The earl was slain in Spain, and this knight, so says the story, carried the king's heart to its destination, and changed, in consequence, his name from *Loeard* to *Lock-*

heart, assuming at the same time a bloody heart in his arms, and the motto *corda serata fero*. (The loftier line of the Douglases, of course, have their cognizance from the same source :

" The bloody heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas'—dreaded name !")

But to come back to "Sir Mungo of the Lee." He was lucky enough, it seems, to take a Saracen emir, of high rank, prisoner. The Turk's wife came to ransom him, and was paying down the gold agreed upon, when unfortunately a small piece of coin, with a little red stone in the centre, happened to drop upon the table along with them. She picked this up again with an eagerness which the canny Scot by no means overlooked. She told him it was the most powerful talisman in Syria—that her life and soul depended on it, &c. &c. No matter—he was firm, and she yielding, he became possessor of this gem, which for ages was celebrated for its medicinal powers over all Scotland, and, indeed, all over the northern counties of England, too. It is odd enough, that John Knox tried to excommunicate this pebble—I beg pardon—this cornelian, among others of the devil's inventions ; but the assembly soon found the people would not allow their cattle to die of the murrain, while they could save them by sending a cask of water to have the Lee-penny dipped in it—and they gave in with a preamble which states that, "Whereas it hath pleased God to plant certain virtuous qualities in certain stones and minerals, and whereas the stone, commonly callit the Lee-penny, may be," &c. &c. ; therefore all people that please may, henceforth drink water in which it has been dipped without peril to their souls. I believe nobody has drunk water thus medicated for these fifty years at least ; but they say the penny is duly dipped in the pint bumper, every day after dinner, at Sir Charles Lockhart's hospital board.—*News of Literature*.

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING
A SISTER.

(To the *Editor of the Mirror*.)

" When all the world seems cold and stern,
And bids the bosom vainly yearn ;
When woman's heart is lightly chang'd,
And friendship weeps o'er looks estrang'd,
I turn from all the pang I prove,
To hail a sister's changeless love."

MR. EDITOR.—It is my fate to have been favoured with several brothers, but no sister. This circumstance has drawn upon me the pity of some of my friends,

and the envy of others, and I have received either congratulations or condolences, as they are disposed to consider it an advantage, or the reverse. Perhaps, therefore, it is the best plan to follow Dr. Franklin's advice, carefully to state and weigh the arguments *pro* and *con*, and then to strike an accurate balance between them. I have accordingly endeavoured so to do, in the hope that it may afford some little amusement to the readers of your publication.

In the first place, a man in the same situation as myself, has not the annoyance of a sister to look after and lead about constantly. It is well known that sisters are apt to draw very largely upon fraternal love in this respect; not a sight to be seen, or an exhibition opened, but the unfortunate brother is forthwith put in requisition to *lionise* them to it, and though this is all very well to a certain extent, yet too much of a good thing is a *dead bore*. Another inconvenience is, that sisters generally contrive to get the upper hand of you at home, and if your wishes and theirs should happen to be opposed to each other, which by the bye is not unfrequently the case, the lady is almost sure to carry the day. This reasoning applies with double force if the sister is the elder of the two, for then she has the privilege of seniority, in addition to the other rights of her sex. If you *must* have a sister, you should by all means pray that she may be younger than yourself. Such are a very few of the arguments I have heard alleged in favour of the dark side of the question.

On the other hand it may be observed, that if a young man has no sisters, he is in a great measure debarred from the society of females of his own age; he is not possessed of that passport which a sister alone could give him among her youthful friends, and which he might otherwise be years in endeavouring to acquire, if indeed he succeeded after all. Many instances will, I am sure, occur to every person in the course of his acquaintance, of the truth of the remark I have just made; and, if further attestation were required, I might triumphantly refer him to the numerous advertisements which we are in the constant habit of seeing in the newspapers, from forlorn old bachelors, who having all their lives been striving in vain to get the desirable introduction which a sister would at once have afforded them, at last are obliged in despair to have recourse to this only remaining chance of procuring a partner for life. I conceive the above to be one of the principal, if not the very chief disadvan-

tage from which the possession of a sister exempts a young man.

But the society of sisters at home is also a grand preservative from that grossness of manners and licentiousness of expression into which those persons are too apt to fall, who are destitute of so kindly and salutary a check upon their behaviour. Independently of these considerations, what numerous kind offices are received by a brother at the hands of his sister, such indeed as nothing but the want of them can enable him properly to appreciate. The thousand little acts of sisterly kindness can never be particularised or reduced to a dry catalogue; they follow a brother in every place, at all times, and on all occasions; and what they want in individual weight and importance, they abundantly make up in number and variety.

From this hasty and imperfect comparison, you will immediately perceive, Mr. Editor, what is my opinion. In short, Sir, I look upon the want of a sister to be one of the greatest misfortunes incidental to a young man, unless it be the loss of one, or of a parent. I congratulate those of your young friends who know by experience the happiness to be found in the society of an amiable and accomplished sister, and trust (indeed it would be ungallant to doubt for a moment) that the conduct of their sisters will always be such as to command their unvaried esteem and affection, and to prove to them how much more fortunate they are in this respect than

Your constant reader,
P. Q.

REVOLUTIONARY FESTIVALS AT RHEIMS.

In No. 144, of the *MIRROR*, we gave a full account of the ceremonies attending the coronation of Charles X. of France, together with much curious historical matter connected with the subject, and engravings of the Cathedral of Rheims and the *Sainte Ampoule*. This cathedral which has so recently been filled with all pomp and splendour of royalty and aristocracy, and all the gorgeous and imposing ceremonies of Catholicism, exhibited in 1793, a very different scene when the *Festival of Reason*, or the triumph of democracy and irreligion were celebrated there. A description of this latter ceremony may not, at the present moment, be without interest or piquancy:—On the 30th of Frimaire, in the year 2, at the break of day, the great bell rung out, the drums beat to arms, and the trumpet was sounded from above the great gate of the

church, but there was no discharge of artillery, because in a Festival of Reason it would be unreasonable to waste powder, which should be reserved for the enemies of the country (precise words of the decree of the authorities). The magistrates and the people assembled on the promenade, and having formed into procession, they moved towards the cathedral, then called "The Temple of Reason," in the following order:—A troop of children carrying upon a litter formed of branches the statue of Liberty, followed by young girls dressed in white, with tri-coloured sashes. The flag carried by the young boys bore on it, "Hope of the Country." Then came a little infant burning perfumes. The tables, upon which were engraved the Rights of Man, were borne by two pupils of the national school, surrounded by the flags of the popular society. After these came a band of matrons, encircling a funeral urn, upon which were inscribed the names of those who had died in the field of honour. Their relations followed in mourning habits. The nine presidents of the Committees of Surveillance held each a sheaf of wheat (emblem of union) traversed by a pike (emblem of respect). On the flags of the popular society were the words "Liberty or Death." Upon that of the cannoneers—"To bring tyrants and the perverse to reason." Upon that of the National Guards—"Our love for our country increased with its dangers." Under the busts of the martyrs of liberty were inscribed—"People, weep for your friends!—they died serving you." The first moral group dragged along a plough, upon which was seated an old man and an old woman; they were escorted by twenty-four tillers of the earth. The motto was—"Honour to the plough, respect to old age and conjugal love." In the midst of the following group was a cenotaph, with these words—"Remains of our brethren—honour be given to them." The third group escorted a car, upon which was a citizeness (*citoyenne*) personating Riches, surrounded with cornucopia. Close to her appeared a distressed family, to which she was giving alms. On the car floated the legend—"The rich should assist the poor." A car, dressed with white, and garlanded with flowers, contained a mother leaning over a cradle, with little children sporting around her. The motto was—"How delightful to be a mother!" A group of adults drew along a car more magnificent than the preceding ones, upon which were seen a family surrounding a sick bed. The inscription was—"Love dearly your parents—you will not have them always."

The sixth group was composed of soldiers, who had been wounded in fighting for the country; each one with the only hand that remained to him, held a flag, upon which was—"Our blood has flowed for the country, and what still remains is at her service." The seventh group was composed of prisoners of war, whose wounds surgeons were employed in dressing. The inscription in French and German upon the banner attached to this group was—"Humanity, sister of Liberty," and on the other side—"The madmen! They fought for a tyrant." The last group escorted the Republican Fasces; upon which were the words—"Unity—Indivisibility." A statue of Liberty, larger and more decorated than the first, was borne by twelve members of the popular society. The dramatic society, in Roman costume, followed singing hymns. The car of the Goddess of Reason, drawn by superb horses, advanced amidst a crowd of male and female citizens, bearing the attributes of despotism and feudalism reversed. Before her was a flag, bearing the words—"The Sovereign!" Upon the standard of a cavalry regiment, was the decree the Convention—"The French Government is Revolutionary until a Peace." Before the church, and opposite the Hotel Montenot (that lately occupied by the Duke of Northumberland) was a gibbet, bearing the effigies of the Pope, the coalesced tyrants, and La Fayette; near this was a pile of wood. In the tribunes of the cathedral were a number of women sewing and knitting. An inaugural discourse was pronounced from the altar, upon which was the Goddess of Reason, represented by an actress named Derteval. Hymns were then chanted, and the Sovereign set fire to the pile, upon which were the emblems of despotism. A vast curtain was then drawn back, and these words in large letters appeared—"Last Judgment of the Aristocrats." The trumpets then sounded; and the people commenced dancing the *Carmagnole* round the fountain before the church, called the Fountain of Fraternity. A cup filled with water by a young child served for the libations, and a mutual hugging and kissing, to the cries of *Vive le République!* terminated the extraordinary spectacle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred to our next.

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